

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE EXPOSURE OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1844.

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From the Statesman.

THE CILLEY DUEL.

The National Intelligencer, and the Journal of this place are very sensitive on the subject of Mr. Clay's participation in the Cilley duel. For the benefit of those prints, we publish the following speech and the subsequent facts extracted from the National Intelligencer itself. There can be no longer any doubt of either Mr. Clay's gambling propensities, or his culpability in the Cilley duel. Another certificate is evidently necessary in order to burnish up the faded glories of Henry Clay's morals—Gen. John McCalla the author of this speech besides being one of the most honest and upright and honorable men in Kentucky, is a devoted Christian, a member of the Presbyterian church. He lives in Mr. Clay's immediate neighborhood.

SPEECH

JOHN MCCALLA, of Lexington, KY., delivered at the democratic Mass Meeting at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of August, 1844.

The present contest, fellow citizens is one which involves, in an eminent degree, the destiny of our free institutions. Every man who possesses the right of suffrage should exercise it with a view to the responsibility which he owes to his country, to his posterity, and to his Maker.

The character and principles of the candidates for office should undergo strict scrutiny, especially where they are calculated to impress themselves so deeply on the fortunes of our country. The only point in the eloquent address of the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Melville) from which I dissent is the impropriety or impropriety of examining their private character, as well as their political opinions. Men in office exercise a great influence on the conduct of society, in all its relations, as well social and moral as political.

Christians have often avowed the opinion, that moral deportment, if not religious opinions and professions, should be considered essential to the character of a candidate for political office. Their reasons are strong, and with me conclusive. Our whig friends always set upon the belief, where a democratic candidate is supposed to fall below the standard of excellence. Let us see if they will abide it now. I presume there is many professors of religion, of different denominations, both whig and democratic, who are now present. Perhaps there are ministers of the Gospel as well as private members. To you, fellow citizens I appeal, in view of that account which you and I have to render to a tribunal, far above any popular or earthly responsibility, if you shall hereafter cast your suffrages for the great leader of our opponents, who is now stretching forth his eager grasp towards the long desired object of his ambition. I intend to speak plainly, so that I may be understood, and to let the consequences, so far as your consciences are concerned, rest upon yourselves. You shall not hereafter, when reproached for supporting for that high office an unworthy and immoral aspirant, plead ignorance, and ask me, 'why did you not inform me of it?'

HENRY CLAY A GAMBLER.

I did not seek to make Mr. Clay's gaming a matter of discussion in this canvass. In a speech which I made in March last, I referred to a declaration in one of the Junius tracts, that Mr. Clay had long since abandoned that practice, which had so strongly marked his early life—not to attack Mr. Clay, but to discredit the author. I remarked that the assertion was utterly untrue, and that he had very lately been engaged in playing cards for money. Some indiscreet friend of his assailed me by letter in one of the whig presses, as being guilty of slander. That brought on a variety of public notices of the subject, and an inquiry on the part of many religious whigs into the truth of the charge. My position becomes, therefore, materially changed by those circumstances, and I shall not hesitate to discharge the duties which it devolves upon me.

I am told by some of Mr. Clay's friends

that he doubtless has, in early life, or in years past, indulged himself in that most dangerous and seductive vice, but that he is now a reformed man. If he be a reformed man, in that particular, his reformation must have occurred within the last four weeks. I had occasion to ride to Maysville in the latter part of last month, and stopped at the Blue Links to drink some of its fine water. Mr. Clay had left the springs a day or two previously, having there spent the previous week. The first thing which was remarked about him was, his having been engaged, as usual, at the card table, playing for money. I will not name his associates. On my arrival at Maysville the same details were given there, and some additional ones.

Mr. Clay does not, and will not, deny this charge. If any of his whig friends chose to deny it for him, I advise them, I urge them, to write to himself on this subject, and they will soon be satisfied. He pursues this practice without concealment. Mr. Clay is a bold man, and acts upon his impulses with frankness and fearlessness. My opinion is, that if the alternative of the presidency, without his favorite pursuit, or the pursuit without the presidency, were presented to him, he would choose the latter. This may appear strange and extravagant to some; but they will not think so when they shall learn the power which a long indulged practice, grown to a passion, acquires over the human mind. Such, I conceive, is the condition of Mr. Clay.

I do not impeach Mr. Clay's right to act as he may think most conducive to his own happiness in this matter, where he does not infringe the laws of his country. With his conscience, I have nothing to do. He is to make up, and answer for his own account. But when the people are called upon, after having twice before rejected his solicitations, to elevate him to the highest office in the nation, it is proper that they should act advisedly. In the Philadelphia Baptist Record, a strong and even eloquent appeal is made in the Christian public in favor of Mr. Frelinghuysen, upon the ground that he is the true candidate. It says: "As Christians, our country has claims upon our services, and in exercising those duties which belong to us as citizens, let us have a lively regard for the religious and moral bearing of our conduct upon the community in which we live, in the vote we poll. Let us remember, that if we are to have wise, virtuous and pious rulers, the charge must be mainly accomplished through the religious community. Therefore, in the matter of the Vice Presidency, let us set upon the principle, and not be swayed by party; let our consciences and our religious feelings influence us, rather than expediency and selfishness. Let us act as Christians should act, both independently, and with a firmness of purpose, though we should sacrifice the political party with which we have been connected."

In the whole article, neither the Presidency, nor his candidate for that office is once mentioned. We have a right to infer, then, that the pious editor of the Baptist Banner, intended to hold pious democrats bound to vote, for his bible candidate, even at the sacrifice of their 'political party,' while he and his pious whig friends are to pursue a different course as to the Presidency. They are not to 'act upon principle,' but to be 'swayed by party;' their 'conscience and religious feelings are not to influence them, but 'expediency and selfishness;' they are not to 'act as Christians should act, both upright and independently,' in the selection of the higher officer. Verily all this must occur if they select Mr. Clay.

CLAY'S PARTICIPATION IN THE CILLEY DUEL.

But there is another charge against Mr. Clay which I consider as involving a deeper stain and heavier guilt than the offence already specified. It is the death of the amiable the lamented Cilley. I summon Mr. Clay to answer before you, fellow citizens, for that melancholy catastrophe. He actually wrote the challenge; he counselled with the man who slew him; and permitted the duel to proceed to its final termination, when one word from him would have arrested it. For not preventing it, I hold him responsible to the community. But if it be true, as is confidently asserted, and as I believe without his contradiction, that when Cilley fell, he remarked that it would be 'a nine day's bubble,' he betrayed a hard, a stony heart.

Oh, you of this great assembly, who are wives—feel for the widows and orphans of the slain. He was estimable in all the qualities which make a loving husband, an affectionate father, and a true friend. He was descended from a revolutionary hero whose name is recorded on a bright page of his country's history. He was talented, fast rising in public estimation, and bade fair to reach the high

est honors of his country. His wife who loved him dearly, was anxiously awaiting his return from the halls of Congress. But a letter arrives—she opens it—she is struck by a thunderbolt of woe—the duel and the dead! Oh, that 'nine day's bubble' will continue to haunt her broken heart, and crazed mind, until the kind messenger, death, shall usher her into a world where the wicked cease from troubling.

Had her husband died as the brave foe to die, on some well fought field, battling for his country;—had he perished on the wreck, amid the roar of ocean's waves; or had he fallen before disease, she could have borne it. But "the duel and the dead!" He died in violation of what he knew to be the laws of his Creator. That was the steel that entered her soul. That was the poison of her cup of woe.

"They're reared upon her shrinking breast
That burst beneath its doom,
The duell and the dead! they haunt
The threshold of her tomb."

And now, you, who are pious whigs, are invited to go to the polls and vote, in full view of all the consequences which your example and influence will inevitably produce on your country, in its religious, its political and its social relations. The democratic party offer to your support, men every way worthy of it. Both are eminent for talents, have served their country with distinguished reputation in high stations, their characters have undergone the "test of talents, of scrutiny and of time," and have come forth brighter from the trial. We daily assault upon them. The most malignant demagogue, the most slanderous whig editor, is invited to examine their conduct, as citizens, as heads of families, as men. The result, with the honest, the moral and unbiased of the community it will be a glorious triumph.

It will be remembered that at the Extra Session of Congress in the Spring 1841, John Q. Adams made a very fierce and bitter attack upon Mr. Wise for the part he had taken in the Cilley duel. At the regular session of 1842, Mr. Adams renewed that attack. In reply to Mr. Adams, the latter period, Mr. Wise intimated that Mr. Clay was the principal adviser in the matter. After receiving this intimation, John Q. Adams never said anything more to Mr. Wise on the subject. The debate to which we allude took place on the 26, 27 and 28 of January, 1842, and will be found in the National Intelligencer of those dates.

In March, 1842, Mr. Wise thought proper to make a statement of facts in regard to the duel and in that statement he says, explicitly, that "Mr. Clay drew the form of the challenge with his own hand;" and also that "Mr. Clay approved of the adoption of terms" on which the duel was fought. He says further, that he (Wise) differed with Mr. Graves on his point of requiring Mr. Cilley to reduce his reasons or reply to writing, but that he (Graves) was fortified in his opinion on that part by the better counsel of Mr. Clay."

In a letter dated February 28, 1842, addressed to Mr. Wise, Mr. Clay admits that he drew the challenge—the same that was sent.

The National Intelligencer publishes a letter of Mr. Charles King's, to show how much concern Mr. Clay felt when he understood that Mr. Cilley and Graves had gone to fight, and how anxious he was to stop it. Yet Mr. Clay, in the communication addressed to Mr. Wise, and published in the Semi-Weekly National Intelligencer of March 28th, 1842, says: "Being the friend of Mr. Graves, I could not invoke the authority of the Police to prevent the duel; and speaking of this, Mr. Chas. King says: 'I informed him that I thought no such obstacle applied to him, and that he might, with entire propriety, cause the parties to be arrested. Yes, Mr. Clay was very much concerned about it, yet immediately after the foul and bloody deed had been consummated, and as Mr. Graves, his garments yet reeking with the blood of his immortal victim, rode up to the door where Mr. Clay was standing, he could say that it would be but 'a nine day's bubble.' The following facts, then, are apparent, and cannot be disputed:

1. Mr. Clay was the adviser of Graves.
2. Mr. Clay penned the challenge, which was sent to Cilley.

3. Mr. Clay, though he knew all about the duel, would not, and did not, invoke the authority of the Police to prevent it.

4. Mr. Clay, after he was informed of the result of the duel, remarked that it would be but a nine day's bubble."

From the Pittsburgh Mercury.
SENTENCE OF DORR.

THOMAS W. DORR, the rightful Governor of Rhode Island, is sentenced to be incarcerated for life in a loathsome prison. Unprejudiced thinking men of all

parties, must be horror stricken at the monstrous, this shameful, outrage on the rights of mankind. Let us recur for a moment, to the history of this Rhode Island affair, for the purpose of having the question answered:

1. Why was Thomas W. Dorr doomed to this terrible punishment; and
2. Who and what were the men that inflicted it.

These questions, happily for the cause of truth and justice, can be briefly and concisely answered. He was imprisoned because he made efforts to procure the right of suffrage to all his fellow citizens! He is condemned to pass his life in a dungeon, because he wished to procure for his fellow citizens of Rhode Island, the same privileges which we enjoy!—Mr. D. does not suffer for himself; it is for others that he is doomed to terminate his days in prison. He had the right of voting himself—but he wished all his fellow citizens to have the same right—for this disinterested act behold how he is punished!

But who did this monstrous wrong?—The whig authorities of Rhode Island!—They have unlimited control of every department of the government—they first denied redress to the people, and punished with severity every man who had taken part in the effort to procure equal rights—and now, they have committed their crowning act of shame in this sentence of Mr. Dorr. Fellow citizens, you see in this shocking sentence the inevitable result of whig principles. Can you give them the control of the general government?

From the Pennsylvania.
WHIG RULE IN RHODE ISLAND.
MR. DORR—CORRESPONDENCE.

The subjoined correspondence explains itself, and we are sure that the information which is thus briefly imparted, will cause a feeling of the deepest indignation in the breast of every man who deserves the name, without regard to his party prepossessions. There is something in it so mean and malignant, in addition to the cowardly cruelty it displays, that no one can read it without a blush that such unmanly oppression is practiced in civilized America.

It will be remembered that on the 4th of July last, at a meeting of the Democracy of the City and county of Philadelphia, held in Independence Square, resolutions of sympathy with Thomas W. Dorr, of Rhode Island, were adopted and ordered to be transmitted to him. In accordance with the wishes of the assembly, they were transmitted and were published in the Providence Republican Herald, as the letter was not allowed to reach Mr. Dorr in his dungeon. This fact was made manifest by the correspondence given below:

PHILADELPHIA, July 31st, 1843.
SIR—I am one of a committee who lately addressed a letter to Thomas W. Dorr, Esq., at your Post office, mailed and paid here; will you have the goodness to say if it ever reached its destination, and oblige.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY SIMPSON.
To the P. M., Providence, R. I.

P. O. PROVIDENCE, Aug. 2d, 1844.
SIR—I presume it has not. Mr. Dorr is in solitary confinement, and the regulations of the prison are such, that no communications can reach him, nor is he allowed to communicate with any one.

Respectfully,
R. B. BARTON.
Assistant P. M.

Mr. Henry Simpson, Philada.
It appears then that Mr. Dorr, who may be regarded as a prisoner of state, whose offenses, if they are so to be designated, are political only, and without the slightest pretence of moral turpitude, is treated as a criminal of the most atrocious character, and placed upon the same footing as the worst of felons—cut off from every communication with the world, and shut up in a jail so harsh in its discipline and so devoid of comfort that the journals in the vicinity, state, and authority, too, of one of the wardens, that one in every four of those who I learned is a maniac. Why, the British Government with all its power, does not dare to do this with Daniel O'Connell, and the others who were convicted with him. Even France did nothing like this with Polignac and Peyronnet, and the rest of the ministers of Charles X.; nor is Louis Bonaparte thus oppressed by the government of Louis Philippe. It is left to Rhode Island to act towards Dorr as Austria acted towards La Fayette in the dungeons of Olmutz, and take example by the practices of the most tyrannical and arbitrary of the despotism of the old world. There is cruelty here—a want of many magnanimity, which can proceed only from fear, and from deep impression in the minds of the men who are guilty of it, that they are warring against right and against the will of the majority.

Conscious rectitude would be satisfied with a moral triumph—with the conviction, and a nominal imprisonment; but the "Algerines," as they are justly called, are trembling in their shoes, and are endeavoring to terrify and to intimidate by uncalculated severity. They seek plaintive enough to break down their victim in mind and body; to destroy him, not upon the scaffold—that would be too direct an admission of their purpose—but by such degrading annoyances as torture a man to death. We are bold, however, that Mr. Dorr may at any moment obtain his liberty by acknowledgment of the usurping government and by asking for a pardon! Or, in other words, that he may be admitted to mercy, by granting that to be true which he believes to be false, and by disgracing himself forever, both in his own eyes, and in those of his country. These conditions are even more dishonorable to those who propose them, than the manner of Governor Dorr's imprisonment. They are such as no honorable man could accept, though death be the alternative, and are worthy of the spirit of inquisition in its worst days.

The spectacle thus presented to us, is that of the leader of a great party, embodying, as it were, the principles and opinions of a majority of the people, confined for life in a noisome prison, cut off from communication with his family and friends, and denied all those indulgences which with us are actually conceded to the convicted murderer. And the purpose to deter from revolution! We cannot pretend to determine what are the "Algerine" ideas of human nature, but it appears to us that if popular outbreak is to be dreaded, it is much more likely to arise from the thought of the prisoner languishing in his cell, than from any other cause, and that precisely such a course has been pursued in regard to Mr. Dorr as is most likely to lead to convulsions. Were his imprisonment at a mere formality like O'Connell's—were every indulgence granted to him consistent with his safe keeping it would be sufficiently irritating but such oppressions as we now hear of are calculated to maintain a constant fever of excitement and to bring about the worst results.

One can scarcely determine which is the most conspicuous in this matter—the tyranny of the whole proceeding or the stupidity which marks it—its want of magnanimity or deficiency in foresight. Dorr might perhaps have been to some extent disarmed of his influence. Now he has the moral force of a martyr. He is made pre-eminently the representative of equal rights. Should he perish in the Bastille, his memory will be replete with power. But should public opinion compel his release, as it doubtless must be will be endowed with a strength against which resistance will be useless. The "Algerines" may date their downfall from the moment that the prison doors closed upon Thomas Wilson Dorr; and the time will come when every one of them will be as eager to disclaim all agency in the persecution, as if it were a crime so black as to be past the limits of forgiveness. There is nothing unreasonable in this anticipation. It belongs to the ordinary course of things. The result is never otherwise, and we would much rather be with Dorr in his dungeon, than share the authority of his oppressors.

PROTECTION FOR PROTECTION!

Clay and Frelinghuysen Breast Pins!—The subscribers, having been repeatedly solicited from various parts of the country to furnish copies of their beautiful Daguerreotype Likeness of Hon. Henry Clay, taken a few days after his nomination by the Baltimore Convention, have made arrangements for copying it, extensively for BREAST PINS for the benefit of the friends of that eminent Statesman. The likeness is a very spirited one, and has met with universal commendation from the friends of Mr. Clay. The following notes, among others, bear ample testimony of its peculiar excellence:

(Here follows the certificate of Senator Morehead and others that the likeness of Mr. Clay is a good one.)

The pins will be small chaste and well made, warranted solid gold. As there will probably be an extensive demand for them, they will be furnished at the very low price of \$3 50 each or at the rate of \$30 per dozen.

We heard of a good old farmer, heretofore a staunch whig, who took his New York Weekly Tribune from the Post office, and was busily reading the above advertisement, when he was accosted by a young city gentleman upon the subject of politics.

He was what you call a 'nice young man'—a superlative exquisite—in short a 'dem' foin fellah.' He wore a caterpillar curled round on his upper lip, and his pailons galled at both ends, and supported one of those certified, gold, Clay breast pins.

Now, while this nice young man was

discussing about politics and 'protection,' the notion came into the old farmer's head to inquire the duty upon jewelry in general, and gold breast pins in particular. The foin fellah, didn't know; but between them they looked at a Tariff report and found it was twenty per cent. Then it occurred to the old farmer that he would look a little further and see what was the tax on silk—he'd been buying a barrel of Turk's head Salt to put away his pork for family use with. 'Salt, eight cents per bushel, being equal to sixty cents ad valorem according to the Treasury estimate, and one hundred and six to one hundred and seventy, according to the merchants' calculation.' 'Why, how is this?' 'Wonder what they make such a difference between salt and Clay breast pins for?'—Oh, as a rule, the protection of American industry.' 'Salt, is it—I didn't think of that!'

'Well now,' pursued the old farmer, 'I've got hold of this Tariff law, I'll just take a look at the tax on coarse cottons and calicoes, for I bought some yesterday to rig out the boys with shirts and the girls with new gowns; and the wife seemed to think they came all fired high. Here it is! As I live, this law appraises all coarse manufactures of cotton at 20 cents per square yard, whether they're worth it or not, and taxes them from ninety five to one hundred and sixty per cent, according to the estimate of the merchants!—And they do pretty much the same thing with calicoes, for all manufactures of cotton, dyed, and valued at 30 cents per square yard, whether they're worth it or not, and are taxed from thirty one to one hundred and sixty two per cent. This is everlasting curious! What does it all mean? Why don't they appraise your gold breast pin at ten dollars as a basis to tax it?' 'My dear sah, you don't understand—it's all for the protection of American labor.'

'Well, I don't think I ever shall understand that kind of 'protection.' I rather think the industry that makes use of this salt and calico, is of more account than 'American labor,' that flourishes in Clay breast pins. Yes, and the industry that consumes these articles is quite as marvellous as the industry that produces them. I go in for a fair shake all round. Give an equal chance. Let the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer have a turn at this 'protection,' along with the capitalist. Somehow it seems the 'protection's' all on one side, and the taxation all on the 'other. I can't stand that kind of a pull. Me and the boys have been working hard to get our harvest in and bring the corn well along, and I reckon we'll have twice as much wheat and pork this year as last; but I'm told we can only get about the same pile of money for it, owing to the downward prices. They say we can't sell anything abroad owing to this confounded 'protection,' and the market is completely glutted at home. This is a poor show for a living, but I suppose it's partly our own fault, for I helped these 'protectionists' into power. But if I do so again, may I turn dandy myself and wear a caterpillar under my nose—that's all.'

This old farmer is not the only one of his class, nor is his the only class, that have discovered that this system of 'protection' just exactly gives them the bag to hold. They understand the protection of their own interests; and while they ask nothing which they would deny to others, they are unwilling that others should have a legal privilege to plunder them. The consequence is that they will be found on the side of the Statesman who says,

"I hold it to be the duty of Government to extend as far as drastic its revenue laws and all other within its power, for and just to ALL the great interests of Union, embracing Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, Navigation."

THE LAND OF FREEDOM
States has been called an-
ery," the "home of
all nations." And such
must be. For, if they
for the exiles who fly
at home to the freedom
then the people of this
love of liberty and to
joy its blessings. It is
all sympathy is expan-
all the people of the
oppressed and trodden down they are
the legitimacy of despotism the bright-
ever burns the fire of fraternal regard—the
warmer and kinder their reception by
the citizens of a free government. Our
country is that grand asylum of persecuted
humanity—the altar, to which, who
ever flies for protection, their shall find it.
Let us live up to this doctrine.—Bay
State Democrat.

NEW VIOLIN.—A foreigner by the
name of Vicard, has constructed a violin,
which can be played by a pair of bellows